

THE  
*IMPERTINENT:*  
OR, A  
VISIT  
TO THE  
COURT.  
A  
SATYR.

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By Mr. P. O. P. E.

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The THIRD EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for E. HILL, in White-Fryers, Fleet-street. MDCCLXXXVII.

Price One Shilling.

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## IMPERIENT

W E L L, if it be my Time to quit the Stage, A  
Adieu to all the Follies of the Age! V  
I die in Charity with Fool and Knav<sup>e</sup>, W  
Secure of Happiness beyond the Grave. A  
I've had my Purgatory here betimes, T  
And paid for all my Satires, all my Rhimes: O  
The Poet's Hell, its Tortures, Fiends and Flames, N  
To this were Trifles, Toys, and empty Names.

With foolish Pride my Heart was never fir'd, A  
Nor the vain Itch t'admire, or be admir'd;

I hop'd for no Commission from his Grace;  
 I bought no Benefice, I begg'd no Place;  
 Had no new Verse, or new Suit to show;  
 Yet went to Court! --- the Dev'l wou'd have it so.  
 But, as the Fool, that in reforming Days  
 Wou'd go to Mass in jest, (as Story says)  
 Could not but think, to pay his Fine was odd,  
 Since 'twas no form'd Design of serving God:  
 Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudg'd as *proud*,  
 As prone to *Ill*, as negligent of *Good*,  
 As deep in *Debt*, without a Thought to pay,  
 As vain, as *idle*, and as *false*, as they  
 Who live at Court, for going once that Way!

SCARCE was I enter'd, when behold! there came  
 A Thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;  
 Noah had refus'd it lodg'ing in his Ark,  
 Where all the Race of *Reptiles* might embark;  
 A verier Monster than on Africk's Shore  
 The Sun e're got, or slimy *Nih bore*,  
 Or Sloane, or *Windward*'s wond'rous Shelves contain'd;  
 Nay, altho' the lying Travellers can feign  
 This Thing has travell'd, speaks each Language too,  
 And know's what's fit for ev'ry State to do;

Of whose best Phrase and courtly Accent join'd,  
 He forms one Tongue exotic and refin'd.  
 Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; *M-tt-x* I knew,  
*Henley* himself I've heard, nay *Budgel* too:  
 The Doctor's Wormwood Style, the Hash of Tongues,  
 A Pedant makes, the Storm of *Gif-n's* Lungs,  
 The whole Artill'ry of the Terms of War,  
 And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling Bar;  
 These I cou'd bear; but not a Rogue so civil,  
 Whose Tongue can complement you to the Devil,  
 A Tongue that can cheat Widows, cancel Scores,  
 Make *Scots* speak Treason, cozen subtlest Whores,  
 With Royal Favourites in Flatt'ry vie,  
 And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

He spies me out. I whisper, gracious God!  
 What Sin of mine cou'd merit such a Rod?  
 That all the Shot of Dulness now must be  
 From this *thy* Blunderbuss discharg'd on me!  
 Well met (he cries) and happy sure for each,  
 For I am pleas'd to learn, and you to teach;  
 What speach esteem you most?—“The King's,” said I,  
 But the best Words?—I “O Sir, the *Dictionary*.  
 You miss my Aim; I mean the most acute  
 And perfect Speaker? *Onflow*, past Dispute.

But, Sir, of Writers? — “ *Swift*, for closer Style,

“ And *Ho—ly* for a Period of a Mile.”

Why yes, ‘tis granted, these indeed may pass.

Good common Linguists, and so *Pamurge* was;

Nay, troth, th’ *Apostles*, (tho’ perhaps too rough)

Had once a pretty Gift of Tongues enough.

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare

Affirm, ‘twas *Travel* made them what they were.

Thus others Talents having nicely shown,

He came by soft Transition to his own:

‘Till I cry’d out, ‘*you* prove yourself so able,

Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*:

For had they found a Linguist half so good,

I make no Question but the *Tow’r* had stood.

“ OBLIGING SIR! I love you, I profess,

“ But wish you lik’d Retreat a little less;

“ Spirits like you, believe me, shou’d be seen,

“ And (like *Ulysses*) visit Courts, and Men.

“ So much alone to speak plain Truth between us,

“ You’ll die of Spleen.” — Excuse me, *Nunquam minus* —

But as for Courts, forgive me if I say,

No Lessons now are taught the *Spartan Way*;

Tho’ in his Pictures Lust be full display’d,

Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made;

And

And tho' the Court shew Vice exceeding clear,  
None shou'd, by my Advice, learn Virtue thereto.

Short

At this, entranc'd he lifts his Hands and Eyes,  
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd Lutestring, and replies:—  
“ Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly Things.”  
“ To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!”  
• Then happy Man who shews the Tombs! said I,  
He dwelt amidst the Royal Family; betwix  
He, ev'ry Day, from King to King can walk,  
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,  
And get by speaking Truth of Monarchs dead,  
What few can of the Living, Ease and Bread.  
“ Lord Sirwameer Mechanick! Strangely low,  
“ And coarse of Phrase — your English all are so.  
“ How elegant your Frenchman? — Mine, d'ye mean?  
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean.  
“ Oh! Sir, politely well! Nay, let me dye,  
“ Your only wearing is your Padua-foy.  
Not, Sir, my only — I have better still,  
And this, you see, is but my Dishabille —  
Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,  
Mistake, confound, object, at all he spoke.  
But as coarse Iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,  
And Itch most hurts, when anger'd to a Sore;

So

had half turn'd a corner by surprise.

So when you plague a Fool, 'tis still the Curse, or if bnt A  
You only make the Matter worse and worse, bnt none N

He past it b'er; put on an easy Smile, sir, t A  
At all my Beevishness, and chang'd His Style. Sdneales his  
He asks, " What News? I tell him of new Plays, i' dO " New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. To  
He hears; Land as a Still, with Simples in it, yqqal not T Between each Drop it gives, stays half a Minnute; He  
Loth to enrich me with too quick Replies, He ev'ry Day  
By little, and by little, drops his Lies. Of all the  
Meer Household Trash! of Birth-Nights, Balls and Shows,  
More than ten Hollingshead ogn Halls, or Stowes. W  
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what A subtle Minister may make of that? And  
Who sins, with whom? who got his Pension, Ruge? Who  
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a Drug? I  
Whose Place is quarter'd out, three Parts in four? O  
And whether to a Bishop or a Whore? You  
Who, having lost his Credit, pawn'd his Rent, Not Sir, you only  
Is therefore fit to have a Government? And  
Who in the Secret deals in Stocks secure, Will to get more  
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor? Mislike  
Who makes a Trust, or Charity, a Job, But as conste. I thou, the  
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob? And  
How are the Converts Arrived? Why  
20 And

Why Turnpikes rose, and why no Cit, nor Clown  
 Can gratis see the Country, or the Town?  
 Shortly no Lad shall chuck, or Lady vole,  
 But some excising Courtier will have Toll.  
 He tells what Strumpet Places sells for Life,  
 What Squire his Lands, what Citizen his Wife?  
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all)  
 What Lady's Face is not a whited Wall?  
 As one of Woodward's Patients, sick and sore,  
 I puke, I nauseate, yet he thrusts in more;  
 Shows Poland's Interests, takes the Primate's Part,  
 And talks ~~Gazette~~ and Post-Boys o'er by Heart.  
 Like a big Wife at Sight of loathsome Meat,  
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I swear:  
 Then as a licenc'd Spy, whom nothing can  
 Silence, or hurt, he libels the Great Man;  
 Swears every Place entitl'd for Years to come,  
 In sure Suggestion to the Day of Doom;  
 He names the Price for ev'ry Office paid,  
 And says our Wars thrive ill, because delay'd;  
 Nay, hints it is by Connivance of the Court  
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port.  
 Not more Amazement seiz'd on Circe's Guests,  
 To see themselves fall endipp'd into Beasts,  
 Than mine, to find a Subject staid and wise  
 Already half turn'd Traitor by Surprize.

I felt th'Infection slide from him to me,  
As in the Pox, some give it, to get free;  
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw  
One of our Giant *Statues* ope its Jaw!  
In that nice Moment, as another Lye  
Stood just a-tilt, the *Minister* came by.  
Away he flies. He bows and bows again;  
And close as *Umbra* joins the dirty Train.  
Not *Naso*'s Self more impudently near,  
When half his Nose is in his Patron's Ear,  
I blest my Stars! but still afraid to see  
All the Court fill'd with stranger Things than he,  
Run out as fast, as one that pays his Bail,  
And dreads more Actions, hurries from a Jail.  
BEAR me some God! oh quickly bear me hence  
To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense:  
Here Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings,  
And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings.  
Here still Reflection led on sober Thought,  
Which Fancy colour'd, and a Vision wrought.  
A Vision Hermits can to Hell transport,  
And bring ev'n me to see the Damn'd at Court.  
Not *Dante*, dreaming all th'Infernal State,  
Saw such a Scene of *Envie*, *Sin*, and *Hate*.

Base Fear becomes the Guilty, not the Free;  
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me.  
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful Town,  
 Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?  
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,  
 Tremble before a *noble Serving-Man*?  
 O my fair Mistress! *Truth*! Shall I quit thee,  
 For huffing, braggart, puffed *Nobility*?  
 Thou, who since Yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all  
 The busy, idle Blockheads of the Ball,  
 Hast thou, O *Sun*! beheld an emptier Sort,  
 Than such as swell this Bladder of a Court?  
 Now Pox on those who shew a\* *Court in Wax!*  
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their Backs.  
 Such painted Puppets, such a varnished Race  
 Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dress and Face,  
 Such waxen Noses, stately, staring Things,  
 No Wonder some Folks bow and think them Kings.

AND now the British Youth, engag'd no more  
 At Fig's, or White's, with *Felons*, or a *Whore*,  
 Pay therellast Duty to the *Court* and come  
 All fresh and fragrant to the *Drawing-Room*:  
 Colours as gay, and Odours as divine,  
 As the fair Fields, they told, to look so fine.

“ That's

\* A famous Shew of the COURT of FRANCE in Waxwork.

" That's *Velvet for a King!* " the Flatterer swears;  
 'Tis true, for ten Days hence 'twill be *King Lear's.*  
 Our Court may justly to our Stage give Rules,  
 That helps it both to *Fool's Coats* and to *Fools.*  
 And why not Players strut in *Courtiers Cloaths?*  
 For these are Actors too, as well as those :  
 Wants reach all States ; they beg but better drest,  
 And all is *splendid Poverty* at best.

*PAINTED* for Sight, and essenc'd for the Smell,  
 Like Frigates, fraught with Spice and Cochine'l,  
 Sail in the *Ladies*. How each Pyrate eyes  
 So weak a Vessel, and so rich a Prize !  
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her Trim,  
 He boarding her, she striking Sail to him.

" *Chere Comteffe!* you have Charms all Hearts to hit ! " O  
 And " *sweet Sir Fopling!* you have so much Wit ! "  
 Such Wits and Beauties are not prais'd for nought,  
 For both the *Beauty* and the *Wit* are *bought*.

'Twou'd burst ev'n *Heraclitus* with the Spleen,  
 To see those Anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin*:  
 The *Presence* seems, with Things so richly odd,  
 The Mosque of *Mahound*, or some queer *Pa-god*.  
 See them survey their Limbs, by *Durer's Rules*,  
 Of all Beau-kind the best proportion'd Fools !  
 Adjust

Adjust their Cloaths, and to Confession draw  
 Each idle Atom, or erroneous Straw; His eye is like a lion's  
 What Terrors woud distract each conscious Soul,  
 Convicted of that mortal Sin, a Hole! Jesus like a lioness  
 Or should one Pound of Powder less bespread fire  
 The Monkey-Tail that wags behind his Head? As men fly  
 Thus finish'd and corrected to a Hair, \* For pride will  
 They march to prate their Hour before the Fair; And a  
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, Each mouth  
 With Band of Lilly, and with Cheek of Rose; For Oho  
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate Trim, Set by the  
 Neatness itself impertinent in him! And make all o'er  
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest; Come a rice  
 Prodigious! how the Things Protest, Protest: Curse thy  
 Peace, Fools! for G-od will for Papists seize you, How  
 If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu! Whole Swiss  
 Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his Brother, To deign  
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another, Howe, go  
 But here's the Captain, that will plague you both, it is  
 Whose Air, cries, Arm! whose very Look's an Oath:  
 What tho' his Soul be Bullet, Body Buff?

Damm him, he's honest, Sir,---- and that's enuff.

He spits fore-right; his haughty Chest before, + A Giant born in divers Countries.  
 Like batt'ring Rams, beats open ev'ry Door;  
 And with a Face as red, and as awry,  
 As Herod's Hang-dogs in old Tapestry,

Scarecrow to Boys; the breeding Woman's Garle <sup>Adieu</sup>  
 Has yet a strange Ambition to ~~look worse~~ A idle  
 Confounds the Civil, keeps the Rude in awe,  
 Jests like a licens'd Fool; commands like Law  
 Frighted, ~~he quitted~~ the Room, but leave it so  
 As Men from Jails to Execution go; <sup>The Monk-y-T</sup>  
 For hung with \* *Deadly Sins* I see the Wall,  
 And lind' with Giants, deadlier than 'em all;  
 Each Man <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ aspart, of Strength to toss  
 For Quoits, both Temple Bar and Charing-Cross  
 Scar'd at the grizzly Forms, I sweat, I fly,  
 And shake all o'er, like a discoverid Spy.  
 Courts are no Match for Wits so weak as mine;  
 Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Divine!  
 From such alone Great Rebukes endure,  
 Whose Satire's ~~sharpened~~, and whose Rage ~~scums~~  
 'Tis mine to wash a few slight Stains; but theirs  
 To deluge 'em, and drown a Court in Tears. <sup>NATURE</sup>  
 Howe'er, what's now *Apocryphian* Wit,  
 In Time ~~now~~ may pass for *Holy Writ*,  
 Whole Air, critic Air! ~~what~~ <sup>as</sup> Look's <sup>as</sup> Out:  
 What else, this Soul be But?

\* The Room hung with Tapestry now very ancient, representing the Seven Deadly Sins.

† A Giant famous in divers Romances.

He lifts forge-tongs; his hand by Clef before  
 Like potts lining Rises, peers open ev'ry Door;  
 All with a Face as red, and as ready,  
 As Herod's Hang-gog <sup>F</sup> in <sup>N</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>A</sup> <sup>S</sup>

